

The Reward

By
Hester Deane

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"Quick, Marcy, the medicine!"
"Is it another bad spell, Mr. Tresham?"

"No, I'm better now," said Gregory Tresham, after taking a deep draught of a cordial the doctor had left. He sank back among the pillows gasping for breath, but the momentary stimulus had given him strength and the waxy color in his face partly disappeared.

"I had better go for the doctor," suggested Lucius Marcy, but the old man nodded his head negatively.

"It would be of no use," he said. "My hours are pretty near numbered, lad. There is something on my mind, Marcy, and yet I hesitate to speak it to you."

"Surely I will honor whatever you may impart or direct me to do," replied Marcy.

"I know that you have been a faithful honest help to me, Marcy, and that is why it cuts me deep to think that I must do something that may look like ingratitude."

"Speak out, Mr. Tresham," encouraged Marcy. "You owe me no special gratitude. Your kindness and appreciation have repaid me for anything I have done for you out of the ordinary."

"Well, Marcy, I made my will last week."

"I did not know that."

"It is at the lawyer's, and it leaves you everything I have."

"You astonish me," said Marcy sincerely. "I do not deserve such consideration. You have no relatives, Mr. Tresham?"

"None I care for or who care for me, and if I had, I would look first to those who have been by my side and have made my declining years comfortable. No, no, Marcy—for five years you have been a true and loyal servant more than that, like a son. But



The Voice Died Down.

there is something, there is something—"

The old man faltered, his eyes closed and his mind wandered. After a few moments he seemed to again get the connection.

"Oh, yes," he spoke low and mumbly. "It was of Hester Valle I am thinking. Poor lass! I have wronged her. Two years before you came she was my nurse, like an own daughter. She was my dear sister's child. I promised to care for her. She was sensitive, proud spirited. I was high tempered, unjust. I spoke bitter words to her. I taunted her with waiting for my property. She gave me one look of reproach and then she left. I have never seen her since. Then you came and oh! what has become of her to whom I promised protection? I made a will in her favor once, but I changed it in your behalf—in your behalf—in your—"

The voice died down, a convulsive shudder crossed the old man's frame. His jaw dropped. In alarm Marcy ran to the nearest neighbor to telephone for the doctor. He was too late. When he returned to the house Gregory Tresham was dead.

Marcy missed him, for he had been a kind and indulgent friend. He had trusted implicitly in Marcy, giving him the entire management of the little farm. The village lawyer came to see Marcy one evening a week later. He announced to his client that he was the sole heir to the farm and that a thousand dollars in the bank had also been left to him.

All those days Marcy had been thinking over the last significant utterance of Gregory Tresham. It was obvious to him that the old man, had his strength lasted longer, would have suggested some change in his will to favor Hester Valle.

"Mr. Morse," he spoke out now, to the infinite amazement of the lawyer, "can that will be destroyed?"

"The will—destroyed?" repeated the attorney, marvelingly—"why, what do you mean?"

"Well, can it?" persisted Marcy. "Certainly not—it is on record."

Marcy proceeded to tell Mr. Morse of the incident attending the last moments of his employer. He stated de-

nately that he could not think of accepting the legacy, when unmistakably the dying intention of Mr. Tresham was to leave it to the girl he had driven from his love.

"Nonsense! sentiment! ridiculous!" stormed the hard-headed lawyer. "A whim of his delirium, that about Hester Valle. You are entitled to what you've got, and, as I am glad to say, for your own good, you cannot change the bequest."

All the same Lucius Marcy quietly went to the city the next day and paid an advance fee to an information bureau to try and locate the long-absent Hester Valle.

Then he bought a ledger and a day book. Every night Marcy put down the expenses and receipts of the day, and one item always: "Cash for one day's labor, Lucius Marcy, \$1.50."

"We have located Hester Valle," came a telegram from the city finally. "Await orders."

"Send word that she is wanted at her former home with Gregory Tresham," was the return wire which Marcy sent.

He was working at digging a drainage trench for the garden one day when an automobile drove up. A lady alighted, young, handsome, but her face was that of one who had seen sorrow.

"I am Mrs. Newland," she spoke. "I was sent for," and then, as she noted a puzzled look in Marcy's face, she added—"but, perhaps, I am best known here as Hester Valle."

"That is right," bowed Marcy in his frank, direct way. "Will you take a seat on the porch, please," and, seated, also, he told his story.

"I have kept the place just as it was as a worker for you," he explained. "If you wish me to remain—"

He paused, she was staring at him in a strange way.

"You mean to tell me," she faltered "that you wish to give your property to me?"

"As Mr. Tresham desired on his deathbed, certainly," gravely responded Marcy.

She continued to stare at him. Then he noted a dim moisture come to her eyes. She addressed him:

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly, madam."

"Let me go into the old room where I used to sit with Mr. Tresham. Let me rest—rest after all these years of turmoil and sorrow. Ah, dear old home—would that I had never left it!"

She came out at the end of half an hour. She put her hand in his own at parting. She looked steadily into his eyes.

"You are a good man," she said. "I will see Mr. Morse and send you word of my decision."

"Thank you," bowed Marcy.

The lawyer came to see him that evening. He recited a strange story. Hester Valle had married a man of large wealth who had left her a fortune, but, as well, a legacy of mistreatment and neglect. She was a widow. To her the humble farm home as a value was less than a trifle, but its memories—!

They came back to her poignantly now. She lingered at the town with an old friend for nearly a month. She was wont to come to the little farm and wander over it and talk with Marcy of the later life of her old uncle.

And then one day she broke down, tired of the hollow worldly life that awaited her in the city. His heart went out to hers. He tried to console her.

Pitiful pity! Sweet sympathy; longing love!—through these the world-weary Hester came to be mistress of the only true home she had ever known.

MERCIFUL NURSE TO MANKIND

Charity Follows Heels of Calamities and Walks in Wake of Ravages of War.

As a merciful nurse to mankind, Charity springs up in desolate places, cheerily and heartily bestowing beauty under most adverse conditions. It follows at the heels of calamities and visitations; it walks in the wake of the ravages and atrocities of war; it comes after the fall of the thunderbolt, after the concussion of the earthquake. It rides the tempest, the whirlwind, the flood, the tornado, and in the hours of threatening anger and dissension it covers up the scars of the past and thrusts prejudices and "vested rights" away in the blackness of midnight darkness.

'Tis Charity who lays the coin in the beggar's hand. 'Tis Charity who takes the orphan in its arms, houses the indigent and the aged, clothes the naked, feeds the hungry and lifts the fallen. We find it, as the late Urien B. Hunt once remarked, "standing at the prison gate, as it seeks those who have violated the laws of God and man, to counsel and aid in a proper reformation; we find it in the bowels of the earth, in the forest, upon the mountain top, in the shop and counting room, upon the green fields, in the valleys and upon the streets the wide world over—wherever sorrow and misfortune has placed its blighting grasp, it brings comfort to the tortured soul and spreads its rays of hope and encouragement."—"Friendship, Charity and Benevolence," George Leon Varney, in National Magazine.

A War Oddity.
On perusing a letter handed to him in Mesopotamia, Private Philip Nowell of the Somersetshire regiment, discovered that it had been written by his schoolgirl sister, who, in accordance with the practice of her schoolmates, had merely addressed it to a British soldier, leaving its destination to chance.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Putting Postal Guide Among the "Best Sellers"

WASHINGTON.—As a book and magazine seller the government has not always kept the prices of its wares down to a point where the pocket-books of the rank and file of its citizens would not be strained by acquiring them. As a result some publications, the wide dissemination of which would be for the public good, such as the Congressional Record and a number of departmental reference books, have had a relatively narrow circle of readers.

One of the latter is the United States Official Postal Guide, which is filled with information of great importance to individual as well as commercial users of the mails. It has sold for \$3.50 and \$3 a copy with monthly supplements, and a very small percentage of postal patrons have felt justified in buying it. Believing that greater use of the volume will make for greater efficiency in the utilization of the complicated mail facilities, the post office department has taken steps to place the guide in the list of "best sellers" among government volumes by radically reducing the price. Instead of \$3.50, the maximum price for the best bound of the books with all supplements will be 75 cents, while abridgments constituting a postal handbook sufficiently comprehensive for most users can be obtained for as little as 15 cents.

The department is anxious to have its constructive step accomplish the desired purpose, and hopes that a copy of the heretofore little known guide will soon be found in the office of every concern engaged in domestic or foreign business, every school and institution, and, in fact, in the hands of every person who makes use of the postal service. Persons who use extensively the parcel post will find the guide of special value, the department believes. The disbursement clerk of the post office department in Washington is the subscription agent for the government's new low-cost guide book.

Last Sculptures Placed on the National Capitol

AT LAST the pediment of the east portico of the house of representatives' wing of the capitol has been adorned with its sculptured group. The figures which Paul Wayland Bartlett has been engaged upon since 1909 have finally been carved and settled in their final places.

It is gratifying in these days of supreme patriotic interest to know that the whole piece of work, from start to finish, is essentially American. Mr. Bartlett is a native son, despite his close association with France and French art. The figures themselves symbolize phases of American life and their treatment emphasizes this in their minor details, facts which are singularly representative of this country and its ideals. Lastly, the group has been cut from Georgia marble in preference to the generally used Italian marble, and this is a completing touch to the general keynote of Americanism.

The general theme of the group is the democracy of the United States as expressed in types of her working people. This is distinctively an American conception, and is in line with Mr. Bartlett's desire to escape the banality of much of the modern sculpture which relies solely on classical types for expressions of American ideals.

The entire group may be divided for purposes of description into three sections, though the general theme is so dominant throughout that all the parts are fused into a harmonious whole. The central group expresses the idea of Peace protecting Genius, and the armed figure of Peace, a majestic woman, clad in a coat of mail and draped about with a mantle, extends a protecting right arm over the winged and youthful figure of Genius, who nestles on the floor at her feet, holding aloft a flaming torch, the light of his power.

Sustaining this group on either side are the figures which represent, on the right, agricultural and pastoral life and, on the left, the industrial life of the shop and foundry.

Uncle Sam Will Seek Heirs to Many Millions

THE United States government is planning to aid in the task of finding missing heirs to the millions of dollars of unclaimed accounts which are lying dormant in national banks throughout the country. Consideration is being given to the problem of discovering the rightful owners of unclaimed money by the treasury department. It is announced, and as a result of the work hundreds of poor people may be enriched in a manner which will give material to fiction writers.

The comptroller of the currency's office has estimated that unclaimed bank accounts to the extent of millions of dollars are lying in banks merely because persons who have a rightful claim to the funds are unaware of their existence. The plan to restore this money will provide for a system of advertising by banks of lists of accounts which have lain dormant for a period of years to be determined upon. Failing in this manner to find claimants who can prove ownership, the money will escheat to either the state or federal government and probably be used for philanthropic purposes. Officials recognize the opportunity for fraud in the claiming of accounts, but the legislation planned will throw safeguards around unclaimed funds which will require presentation of evidence indubitably establishing identity.

Officials state that these unclaimed accounts arise largely through the deposit of money by men without their wives' or heirs' knowledge. Sudden death intervenes and leaves no connecting link of information, so the account goes unclaimed. Some American banks have unclaimed accounts half a century old and more, it is stated.

How Government Clerks Cut the Cost of Living

"SPECIALIZE, get your money in advance and cut the corners on handling," is the only way to conduct co-operative buying to a successful end," is the advice of G. K. Weston, who buys certain products of the farm and staple groceries for more than a thousand government clerks, and thereby cuts the cost of living for each family from \$15 to \$25 a month.

A saving of from \$15,000 to \$25,000 a month on the cost of living to a thousand of the eighteen hundred members of a single club sounds exaggerated, and yet it is being done by that number of the employees of Uncle Sam.

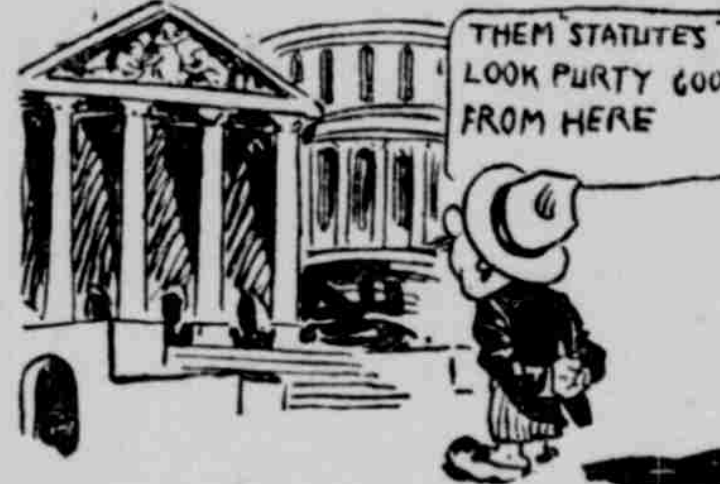
Mr. Weston was employed by Secretary Lane, president, and other officers of the Home club, made up of employees of the department of the interior, to manage the club. He has long been a student of social economy, and, coming in contact with large bodies of government employees through being in the government himself, and then through his work for the club, set himself about solving the problem of the high cost of living, not by doing without necessities, which is the usual suggestion, but studying a way of spending a certain amount of money to get the most good out of it.

His one idea was to form a connection between the producer and the consumer at just as little cost as possible; and it was with this idea that co-operative buying was taken up as a special feature of the Home club.

There was considerable controversy over the advance cash system when it was first suggested to the officers of the club, even Secretary Lane putting in his protest. But at a meeting of the club directors Mr. Weston so ably presented his reasons for such an unheard-of proposition that he carried his point. The special plan for this pay-in-advance proposition is that it saves much time, and enables the manager to accompany his order with cash. The value of the latter is seen at a glance and the time saved is almost incalculable.



NOW THEY OUGHT TO SELL



CANADA THISTLE PEST

Prickly Plant Is Found in Almost Every Part of Country.

No Other Weed Has Ever Received So Much Unfavorable Attention. —Roots, Rather Than Tops, Must Be Destroyed.

In the states north of the Ohio river, probably no plant bears such a bad reputation as does the so-called Canada thistle. This marvelously prickly plant abounds in grain fields, pastures, and meadows throughout the central West, and is locally common in the northeastern states. It is found in parts of West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, and of late years has been increasingly troublesome in the grain-growing sections of the Northwest. Canada thistle, or simply "thistle," has been condemned in the laws of 25 states, and at least one hundred local communities, no other three plants together having received so much unfavorable attention. Certainly no plant is more generally and heartily disliked, unless it be the sand bar of the southern coastal plain.

The cause of the remarkable vitality of Canada thistle and the point that distinguishes it from other prickly plants that are commonly mistaken for it is the long cordlike perennial root. This root penetrates the soil at



Canada Thistle.

a depth of eight to fifteen inches, or more, and gives rise at frequent intervals to leafy shoots. Thus it will often be found that an entire patch of thistles is attached to one root, and is in reality but one plant. The root is exceedingly hardy, and can live over winter or through a prolonged drought in a dormant condition. Pieces of the root that are broken off by a plow or cultivator and carried to other places will await a warm, moist period, and then begin to send up leafy shoots, thus establishing a new patch forthwith. If the leafy stems are cut down, others will be sent up to take their place, and this process may be repeated from two to eight times before the root becomes exhausted.

The point that must be kept in mind in fighting Canada thistles is that it is the roots, rather than the tops, that must be killed. Simply cutting off the tops a few times has much the same effect as pruning an apple tree. But if the tops are cut off deep and frequently, the root must eventually suffocate through lack of leaves.

BETTER PRICES FOR PRODUCE

Bringing About Improved Methods and Closer Attention to Scientific Growing of Crops.

Better prices for farm products are bringing about better methods and closer attention to the scientific growing and handling of crops and soils, according to A. N. Brown, editor of Fruit Belt, who declares that the first and fundamental step is to know soils and to know what elements of fertility should be supplied to aid growing crops. If care be not taken to keep the soil supplied by the addition of manures and fertilizers, the yields become smaller each year, but when the soils are managed properly the fertility is maintained and productivity is increased.

BREEDING FOWLS ARE CHEAP

Possible to Purchase Birds Now for Half What They Will Cost Next Fall or Winter.

Many breeders are giving special value on their breeding birds at this time of year and if you are in need of a good cock bird, a hen or two or a pen for breeding next year or for exhibition this fall or winter you are overlooking a good bet if you do not buy now. The same quality along in December will cost you double.

SYSTEM OF FEEDING CALVES

Animals Should Not Be Fed Together Any More Than Bunch of Pigs—Fix Individual Stalls.

Skim milk calves ought not to be fed together, any more than a bunch of hogfish pigs, for some of the calves soon learn to gulp down their share of the feed, then crowd others away from theirs. Individual stalls or booths form the only correct system of feeding the skim milk calves, so that each one will be assured of its portion.

CULL ALL DEFORMED FOWLS

When They Reach Marketable Size Fatten and Sell Them—Keep Them Free From Vermin.

Handle the chicks, and market deformed birds as soon as they are of market size. Crooked backs, hip joints of unequal height, crooked toes, long beaks, combs with side springs, duck feet, off-colored eyes and a pronounced tendency to off-colored feathers cannot readily be detected without handling the birds. It is well to sew a band of red flannel, or mark with colored paint the legs of birds destined for the early market. A dab of paint on the wing bow is also good. Let these birds run with the others till about the size needed, and then pen and fatten. Many a sale can be made at the door if the chicks are cooped and ready. Keep them free from lice and growing every day, but get rid of them quickly.

DESTRUCTIVE TO THE SWINE

Scours in Pigs More Feared Than Outbreak of Cholera by Prominent Nebraska Hog Breeder.

Scours in pigs is declared by one of Nebraska's prominent hog raisers to be more destructive to the swine industry of the state than hog cholera. The causes are overfeeding, change in feed, decayed feed, lack of exercise, or dirty water. Sometimes filth in pens and bedding is an additional cause when it is taken into the pig's system from the sow's udder or from the navel. The college of agriculture says that the correction of these conditions is the first measure to be adopted, and that in case scouring has started, the sow's feed should be cut down to a small amount of oats or bran. When the trouble is corrected, the ration should be increased gradually.

CONTROL OF CABBAGE WORMS

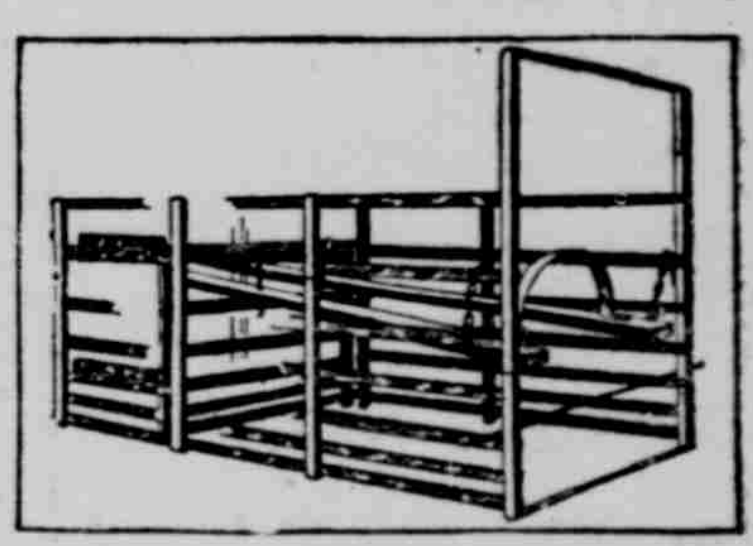
Mixture of Air-Slaked Lime or Wood Ashes and Powdered Arsenate of Lead Is Favored.

Dust a mixture of one or two parts of air-slaked lime or sifted wood ashes and one part dry powdered arsenate of lead through a cheesecloth bag or apply with a blower. Apply while plants are wet with the dew, after each hard rain or once every week or ten days during the season of attack. Paris green can be used with 15 times its bulk of lime or ashes. A week or two before using the cabbage quilt applying the poison, as a precaution against getting any appreciable amount of the poison in the portion of the cabbage eaten as human food. Practically all of the poison is removed in stripping the outer leaves. No one need be afraid to use this treatment.

OREGON HOG-BREEDING CRATE

Device Shown in Illustration Can Be Made With Little Cost by Man Handy With Tools.

Effective mating of swine, especially where young sows are mated with old and heavy hogs, is a point too often overlooked in hog raising. The Oregon breeding crate shown here can be made with little cost by any handy



Hog-Breeding Crate.

with hammer and saw. The crate should be well made of strong material, however, as it is necessary to restrain the sow, hold her in an accessible position, and take away all danger of injury to the boar through slipping.—Farming Business.

FEEDING OF MOLTING FOWLS

Material Adaptable for Eggs Will Also Make Feathers—Some Oily Food Is Necessary.

The feed of molting hens should not differ greatly from that of laying hens. Both eggs and feathers are rich in nitrogen, so a food adaptable for eggs will also make feathers. However, the latter are richer in oil than eggs are, and some food of oily nature should be added to this ration to supply this want.

It has been conclusively proved that a liberal amount of sunflower, flaxseed or oil meal to the ration makes hens molt faster and leaves them in a stronger condition and with more vitality.

FAULTY SYSTEM OF FARMING

Cows Would Conserve Fertility of Soil and Convert Feed Into Food Products for Market.

One of the faults of our system of farming is that there are too few cows on farms. More cows would mean more wealth. The cows would save the wealth (soil fertility) that we already have and would convert our feed and pasture crops into food products for home use or for sale. Who ever heard of a dairyman or a farmer with several cows forced to mortgage his crops for supplies?